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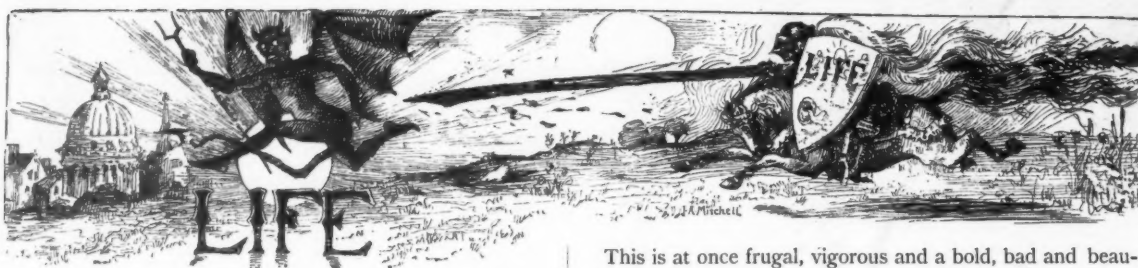


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STREASURY.





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MR. JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE may be secretly pleased with the thought that his letters to Mr. WARREN FISHER, JR., have become nearly as famous as those of JUNIUS. They have enriched his name and made it savory, and certainly he cannot complain of the quantity of gratuitous advertising they have brought to him from the menial press, LIFE included.

To look at these remarkable productions from a purely literary standpoint alone, is gratifying. For instance, Mr. BLAINE says:

"I do not feel that I will be a deadhead in the enterprise, if I once embark in it."

The rhetorical beauty of this sentence is at once apparent. It is simple, terse, and, to the finely trained Democratic ear, not unmusical. The opening clause is direct. Mr. BLAINE does not "feel that he will be a deadhead." There is no mistaking his meaning. He might have felt that he would be a sorehead, or a loggerhead, or a cabbage head or a swell-head, but never a deadhead. He felt that he had a chance to rise out of his proper self, and he meant to do it, and *not* be a deadhead, in this enterprise at least. Then observe the delicacy of the sonorous finish—"if I once embark in it." There is a contingency involved—a condition depending not on Mr. BLAINE, but on that beautiful chemical combination of alkali and fat, which the vulgar call "soap." It takes a scientist, therefore, to properly appreciate it. "Embark" is likewise a lovely word, full of subtlety and meaning. It has no reference to the American navy—for Mr. BLAINE is frugal of life and not reckless enough to embark on one of our men of war—but to the enterprise, which, though a railroad, is transformed by the poet's imagination into a ship, a Little Rock ship, or, to be more exact, a ship loaded with little "rocks," or "sand," or sand soap, or perhaps merely "soap."

Take another sentence:

"No one will know from me that I disposed of a single dollar in Maine."

This is at once frugal, vigorous and a bold, bad and beautiful lie. Lots of Mr. BLAINE'S friends in Maine knew then and know now that he did dispose of dollars of stock in Maine for Maine dollars—which, when they are disinfected, are worth almost as much as Boston dollars—and they have worn crape on their bank-books ever since.

But to continue:

"It will be in my power to cast an anchor to the windward in your behalf if you so desire it."

Here we find more nautical boldness. Casting an anchor to the windward, however, is usually done with a view to opposing a wind already blowing, but in this, the object is to raise the wind. The marine beauty of this allusion, therefore, is more than one would drink in at first sight, or rather, the first sight draught—but Mr. FISHER knows more about that than we do.

Occasionally Mr. BLAINE becomes emotional. He says:

"I say to you tonight, solemnly, that I am immeasurably worse off than if I had never touched the Fort Smith matter."

The picture here presented to the mind's eye, of Mr. BLAINE sitting down at night—one or two o'clock, may be—and solemnly finding himself in a bad way—nothing could be more pathetic or touching. Moreover, it is true. There can be no doubt that Mr. BLAINE has said that, more or less solemnly, on a great many different occasions since he "touched" the Fort Smith matter. But at least, it is something to occupy his mind while he walks the floor. But let us pass to another financial gem:

"It will be to some extent a matter of favoritism as to who gets the banks in the several localities."

Of course the premises of this cannot be denied. Any man who gets a bank is favored, unless it happens to be in New Jersey, and even then the window glass and the tin box where the assets used to be, are of some value. Clearly logical, then, is the statement. But how about the favoritism? There is where the poetical obscurity lies. "It will be to some extent." Of course it will. But full explanations will be found in the Encyclopedia, Vol. XI., page 317, caption "SOAP."

Finally, in this bewildering panorama, we come to a lurid request which glows like a beacon amid the pecuniary flowers we have quoted. It is simply:

"Burn this letter."



AT SEA.

Small Girl: ARE N'T YOU AWFULLY GLAD TO BE ON LAND SOMETIMES?

Uncle: WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I FLATTER MYSELF I AM ON LAND MOST OF THE TIME.

Small Girl: YOU *are*! WHY, PAPA SAYS THAT WHENEVER HE SEES YOU, YOU ARE ABOUT HALF SEAS OVER.

AUTUMN.

I HAVE sundry queer sensations
When the year gets 'round to Autumn.
What they are, and how I caught 'em
Is obscure, but they are there—
Certain gay exhilarations,
Half and half, as Bass with Guinness,
With a sad what-might-have-been-ness
In the bright September air.

Back come hopes and young ambitions
With the golden-rod and sumach,
But impregnated with true Mac-
Chiavellian despair,
Taking note of changed conditions;
Weighing powers with limitations;
Facts with futile aspirations
Born of bracing autumn air.

Now I see myself, grown famous,
Bold of voice and free of gesture,
Grave, superb, of stunning vesture,
Flood with eloquence the court.

Soon ascends my *Gaudeamus*,
As I realize there are n't
Any facts that seem to warrant
Premonitions of that sort.

Welcome this hallucination:
Welcome none the less discerning
Common sense in time returning
To obliterate the spell.

As a means of elevation—
As a sort of moral derrick,
This autumnal, atmospheric
Spirit-hoister bears the bell.

REFLECTIONS OF A CYNIC.

MORALITY is like medicine in that both begin with the same letter; both are disagreeable, but at times necessary; both cost more than they are worth; both are better to talk about than employ; both are used homeopathically and allopathically; both are the gods of lucrative professions; both are utilized only when a man fears he is going to die.

BOOMLETS.

WE never would have believed it possible, but the *Tribune* remarks of Mr. Blaine, "He has many of the taking qualities of Henry Clay."

This is indeed an admission!

* * *

Retribution.

WHILE standing in front of the store No. 397 Grand street about 10 P. M., yesterday, laughing at some political cartoons, Dennis S. Griffin, age fifty-two years, was seized with an apoplectic fit and fell heavily to the ground.

The moral of this lies in the fact that the cartoon severely dealt with the Presidential aspirations of B. F. Butler of Mass.

* * *

SPITE of the *World's* statement the Democrats failed to land their Fish.

* * *

A BOSTON contemporary publishes a list of men of letters who are going for Blaine.

The best known man of letters who goes for Blaine in this campaign is mysteriously omitted.

"Mulligan is his name!"

* * *

THE aggressive campaign promised by the Blaine managers is being realized in the Tariff-ic canvass they are trying to force.

* * *

THE era of Cabinet making has arrived, and our E. C., the *Herald*, having attended to the wants of Messrs. Cleveland and Blaine, we feel that General Butler should not be left in the cold. We have framed the following as Gen. Butler's probable advisers:

Secretary of State—John Kelly.

Secretary of War—O'Donovan Rossa.

Secretary of Navy (per Tallapoosa arrangement, papers lost)—W. E. Chandler.

Secretary of Interior—Hon. Denis Kearney.

Postmaster-General—Ex-Hon. J. Davis.

Attorney-General—Charles A. Dana.

* * *

AND still another Cabinet might consist of Dr. Mary Walker, Secretary of State; Susan B. Anthony, Secretary of War; Lydia Pinkham, Secretary Navy; Whitelaw Reid, Secretary Interior; C. A. Dana, Postmaster-General; and the Woman with the Iron Jaw, Attorney-General.

* * *

MR. BLAINE is not smart. If, in writing to his dear Mr. Fisher, he had requested him to "cut this out and paste it in his hat" instead of to "burn this up," that awful Mulligan letter would not be so lively to-day.

* * *

MORE Mulligan letters! Merciful Heaven, are n't there enough of them now.

* * *

"IS Lying Immoral?" asks the *Boston Transcript*.

Well, really you know, in this campaign it all depends on which side you lie.

A FEW MORE.

I.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14th.

DEAR FISHER:

I REALLY wish you would send me on a few more bonds. I borrowed 75 cents yesterday, and find myself unable to return it. My regards to Mrs. Fisher.

Burn this letter.

J. G. BLAINE.

II.

(Telegram.)

BOSTON, April 15th.

TO J. G. BLAINE,

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

CAN'T do it. Choke the man off till pay day.

FISHER.

III.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18th.

DEAR FISHER:

ACTING on the advice contained in your dispatch, I have gone into the House every day by the back stairs, and have been able to dodge the man, but I was compelled yesterday to borrow 50 cents from another man, member from Texas, who, being anxious to get on a committee, loaned it willingly. This relieves me of temporary embarrassment, yet I must really ask you to ship those bonds, say \$84,000, as soon as possible. No one here knows from me that I ever borrowed a dollar in Maine. But I see various channels in which I may be useful. Send me a couple of dollars, anyway. Regards to Mrs. Fisher.

Yours hastily,

Burn this letter.

J. G. BLAINE.

IV.

INDIA STREET, BOSTON, April 20th.

DEAR BLAINE:

I ENCLOSE a dollar and a half. This ought to show you that I appreciate your services. By the way, the party to whom I sent the \$84,000 in bonds, says that he paid you the money eight months ago. I know how busy you are with the Fort Smith matter and your other duties, and I suppose that you forget these trivial matters. If you happen to find the sum about your clothes, send it on.

Yours, etc., FISHER.

V.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 24th.

DEAR FISHER:

THANKS awfully for the dollar and a half. It helped the cause along wonderfully. But now the 75 cents man stations himself at the front door of the Capitol and the 50 cent man at the back door, and for two days I have had to get a step ladder and crawl in a window at the side. Please send me \$95,000 more bonds. By the way, Morrill and a lot

of other old and intimate friends of mine have come on. Owing to my high political position, I feel that I shall be able to work off the bonds. I shall collar my best friends to-morrow and blow them in for all they are worth. I do not feel I shall prove a deadhead in the enterprise if I once embark in it. Can't you make it three dollars this whack? Regards to Mrs. Fisher.

Yours hastily,

J. G. BLAINE.

VI.

INDIA STREET, BOSTON, April 28th.

DEAR BLAINE:

CAN'T send more than a dollar and thirty cents. Play those Maine suckers for all you can. A magnetic man like you ought to be valuable. I send \$170,000 more bonds. But would your friends in Maine be satisfied if they knew the facts?

FISHER.

VII.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1st.

DEAR FISHER:

I WANT you to send me a letter, such as the enclosed draft, and six dollars. It will be a favor I will never forget. Every one of those Maine idiots took right hold—personal confidence, don't you see? I tell you there's nothing like magnetism. But wherever concealment is desirable, avoidance is advisable. That is the reason I have been dodging the 75 cent man, the 50 cent man, and another, whom I worked day before yesterday for 65 cents. Please send \$290,000 bonds this time, and *don't forget the \$6.* Regards to Mrs. Fisher.

Yours, etc.,

J. G. BLAINE.

SHE KNEW BETTER.

"CHILDREN," said the Sunday-school teacher, looking over the top of her glasses, "we should always be glad and happy for our many and manifold blessings. Even the birds thank their Maker in song—hear those canaries across the street, pouring forth their musical praises." "Please ma'am," interrupted a little girl who was playing tit-tat-too on the fly leaf of a hymnal. "Them ain't a-praisin'. That's what canaries always does."

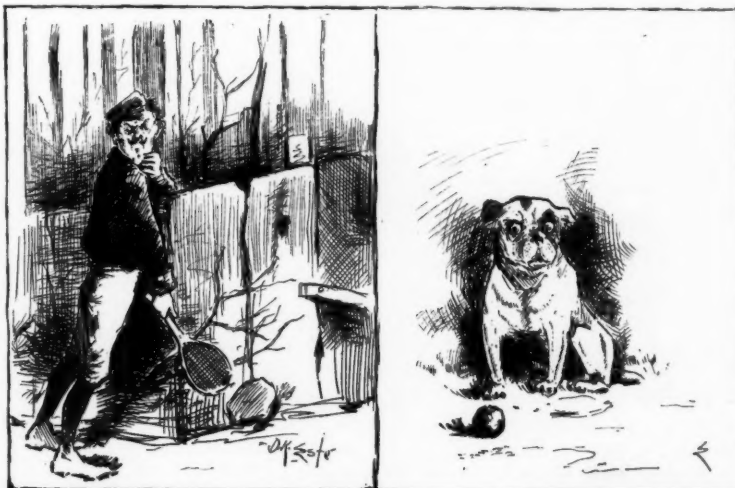
VINGT-UN—A little game that many ladies of thirty-five and upwards cannot be made to forego.

WHAT THE POLITICIANS MAY FINALLY SUCCEED IN "DOING"—The Nation at large.

CONCERNING THE DEATH PENALTY.

THE penalty of death for wilful murder is still borne on the penal code of these states. From the number of victims, condemned murderers should be very plentiful. This is by no means the case. They are so rare as to be attractive shows for a privileged few. When a friendless murderer is convicted and sentenced to be hanged, no one could object to his being utilized in any way calculated to improve public morality. The only difficulty is to fix the rates and rules for his exhibition. Being non-singers we do not approve of the present ranting hymn-book qualification, and think a dime or perhaps quarter dollar rate of admission should be substituted. These criminals would then become self-supporting; could even pay for their own flowers, and that class of contribution might perhaps be diverted into some deserving channel. Arrangements might be made with Bowery museums for the loans of interesting criminals. Double murderers would fetch quite a sum. For what chance would obesity, deformity or any number of extra arms and limbs, have with the exhibition of the mental torture of a man to be hanged in a fortnight? Then think what prices could be asked and crowds fetched by the announcement, "To be hanged in two days." Almost fabulous sums would be paid to view the actual hanging, if sheriffs did not spoil the market by dead-heading their friends. Vigorous minds in the event of human subjects being scarce, might temporarily be accommodated with a front seat in a slaughter-house. Of course the majority of people indulging in this newly found, exciting fun, go to witness these spectacles physiologically or for sacred reasons, in either of which cases they would not surely grudge any amount of money in the respective causes of science or religion.

BEST Check for Pauperism—Vanderbilt's.



WHY DOES NOT JACK GET THE TENNIS BALL WHICH HAS FALLEN THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE?

THIS IS WHY.

THE QUEEN'S WOMEN.

A TALE OF THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW.

FORE-TOLD BY

ROBERT NOTT ULYSSES,

JOHN BULL OH' REALLY,

D. F. OF YALE, AND

J. T. SPOKESHAVE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are few Englishmen who went to America before the late Revolutions but will remember Coupon Cottage. The curious student of history—a study shunned by politicians of every age—could find no better example of the country villa of an old-time Wall street broker's. Dating almost from the rule of President Arthur—and some say it was built by the same man who designed the Monstrosity Opera House, whose ruins we may still see on upper Broadway—it was situated in a private park.

In an ancient room of a house that formerly served as a lodge to the cottage, a young man was sitting, one cold afternoon in November,—a mere lodger on his own ancestral acres. The room was hardly warmed at all, as the smoky stove but feebly gave out heat, and the young man was gloomily jabbing holes with the poker in the little mica panes of the stove-windows.



AN OLD FAMILY SERVANT BROUGHT HIM A NOTE.

He was deep in thought because he was deep in debt, and he was pondering on the changes which had visited his country during the last hundred years. In the XIXth century, a Democratic form of government had been in vogue in the United States, and the same republic that was founded by the patriots of 1776 still existed; all this, however, had been swept away and an elective monarchy had been established. The change was slowly and gradually brought about, the prime factors being the extension in length of the presidential

term of office from four to twenty years, the continued power of the Republican party and the fusion with Canada. Meanwhile, a wonderful change had been going on in the character of the population. Ancient records show that in the latter part of the XIXth century, in the Dukedom of Massachusetts (which was then a State), there were seventy thousand more females than males, and Mr. Hough, a statistician of the same day, recorded a six per cent excess of women in the total number of inhabitants of the country. This difference gradually grew greater, millions of men lost their lives in the wars with England, previous to the acquisition of Canada,—in the struggle with Germany for the possession of Cuba and Mexico,—and in the contest over the Panama Canal with France, and in the crusade against the Mormons. When at last peace reigned and every battle had been chronicled as a victory for the Union, the male population had been decimated, and of the ninety millions of citizens, full sixty millions rode side-saddles and eschewed razors. With the fall of the Republic came female suffrage, and after a brief period of anarchy, by a brilliant *coup d'état* Susan B. Anthony ascended the throne as Susanna I. But little time had elapsed, however, before her Home Secretary, Lydia E. Pinkham, Ella Wheeler, the Poet Laureate, and Lillie Devereaux Blake, Commissioner of Education, were banished for treason, and at the end of a reign of fifteen years, Susanna's royal purple was assumed by Gail Hamilton, ex-premier of the kingdom, who has since been known as "Good Queen Gail." Our story opens at a period some twenty-four months after that gala day, when the monarchy was but seventeen years old.

The young man, before mentioned, was Gabriel Coupon, Earl of Bar Harbor. He was, of course, good looking, well built, and exceedingly poor—hence, interesting to a degree. As he sat by the stove, an old family servant brought him a note from the daughter of a wealthy Englishman who had rented Coupon Cottage for the season. Tearing open the envelope, he read:

"MY DEAR LORD HARBOR,—I heard that you are back on your own estate, and you will doubtless be surprised to learn that I am so near you. We have just run over from dear old Paris, and will spend the winter here. If you have nothing better to do, will you dine with us to-morrow night? Ralph Sherman will be here and Sir James Joker.

Sincerely yours, in a tearing hurry,
Georgietta Wonder."

"Georgy Wonder over here," thought Coupon, "with that wealthy old father of hers. It seems almost incredible!" And he said to himself that Georgy was a nice girl, and it would probably be a nice dinner, so he determined to go.

[To John Bull Oh' Really, Esq.]

DEAR BULL :—I send, herewith, as much as I have written of our combination story. I have opened the ball and explained matters, but have no idea for a plot. Work out your part of it to suit yourself, and then pass it along. Y. ars, etc. BOB.]

CHAPTER II.

"TELL me all about it," said Miss Wonder as she sat on the cliff with Gabriel the next morning. "You know that is my first visit to America, and I do n't understand how your government is carried on."

"It is very much like the English system," he replied. "We have a Queen and her privy council. The Capital of the country is where the women are most numerous—in Boston. It is there that the Houses of Parliament are situated. The Upper House is called the House of Ladies, and the Lower, the House of Deputies. The women would not submit to being stigmatized as 'commons,' so they adopted from the French the name of the popular branch of their legislature. The deposed President and his Cabinet are living in exile abroad. You have seen our new flag—the yellow crown over the green and white bars?"

"Yes," said Miss Wonder, "and I caught a glimpse of some of your policewomen as we came through New York. But about *yourself*. I hear that you have only one servant—a veteran gate-keeper. What do you do when he is ill?"

"Oh, the old porter never ails, he is always brown, stout, and healthy," said Gabriel, cheerfully. "I manage to live quite comfortably, and although I never steal, I supply my table by hooking fish and poaching eggs. You, I understand, have every imaginable luxury. As your father is so wealthy, I suppose you never need make anything for yourself as I do—you purchase endlessly."

"You are right," answered she. "With me it is always the sweet buy and buy."

That night, as Gabriel sat at the dinner table in Coupon Cottage, he gazed around at the weird party which had met together.

"Did you ever see such a gang?" whispered Mrs. Sozodont Carey, whom he had brought in. "There is Ralph Sherman, Speaker of the House, and his daughter, Martha. Next to her is Sir James Joker, the Red Republican. Just cast your eye on old Solomon Wonder, doing the polite to the Dutchess of Croton, while the Duke who is between Georgy Wonder and Mrs. Tilton is glaring across at Bumley Barkins. Was there ever before such a funny mixture at anything but an auction?"

Mrs. Carey was a professional beauty, whose chief support was the revenue derived from the sale of her photographs. When they were hardly out of their teens, Gabriel had been violently in love with her, but that was all over, long since—at least so *he* thought. She had been married and was now living apart from her husband, while Gabriel (previously heart whole) began to realize that he was deeply interested in Georgy Wonder. Once or twice during dinner his glance met hers, and an involuntary twitching of his right eyelid was sympathetically answered by a similar winkly movement on her part. This was all perceived by Mrs. Carey, whose quick wits were whetted by jealousy, and it entered like iron into her soul. She still loved Gabriel with all the intensity of a professional beauty's love,—she saw that

she was naught to him now, and she resolved to destroy him, if she could not possess him. However, she bode her time, and meanwhile eat her *vol-au-vent* of pigeons à la *financière*.

"How rich this is," she said, a moment later, as she pointed with her fork to an *entrée* that lay on her plate. "It is fried. Everything that is fried is so very rich."



MRS. CAREY OVERHEARD THEIR CONVERSATION.

"Then I wish they would fry me," remarked Gabriel, trying to be agreeable, but he could not entertain her, for he could think of nothing but the wealthy Englishman's daughter.

It was before the guests parted that evening, that Sir James Joker, who was an old class-mate of Coupon's, made an opportunity for speaking to him in private. He unfolded a plan for the dethronment of Queen Gail; the resurrection of the Republic, and the re-establishment of the exiled President. He claimed Coupon's assistance, and almost before the latter realized the danger of the undertaking, he had pledged his hand and his life to the Republican cause.

Mrs. Carey overheard their conversation, and saw that it was her chance for revenge. The next morning she took the train for Boston, and having gained an audience with Her Majesty, she revealed the plot against the crown, and gave as the names of the ring-leaders, Gabriel Coupon, Earl of Bar Harbor, and Sir James Joker. Her card was well played, and—paradoxical as it may appear—she knew that the Queen would soon take the Joker, while she had trumped Coupon's suit for Georgy Wonder's hand. Apparently the game was hers.

[To "D. F. of Yale," Esq.]

DEAR FRED:—I have waded on, until I am far out of my depth. As you are fond of involved situations perhaps the foregoing will suit your dramatic taste. Stick in some of your morbid sentiment, and a little of your analytical business. Hastily, J. B. OH' R.]

(To be concluded.)



"CASTING AN ANCHOR TO THE WINDWARD" IN A "CHANNEL"



HANDEL" WHERE HE KNEW HE COULD BE USEFUL.

HER AMBITION.

A SEQUEL TO ST. ROSARY'S RANCH.

CHAPTER I.

"I LOVE you!"

As Albemarle Van Bumblebug spoke these words, he felt that a decisive moment had come. Not since his first shave, five years before, had he experienced such a thrill. But he paused for a reply.

Verbena Cecil Boggs tapped the marqueterie floor with the heel of her slipper, which was situated midway between her true heel-and-toe. This was not nervousness, but Verbena had learned at matinees at the Madison Square that it was the correct thing to do under the circumstances.

Albemarle was startled by her silence. But his family had once been in the sugar business, and as he had inherited the sugar he naturally had some grit left. He loved Verbena with that wild, unreasoning love which is characteristic of New York Club men when alone with an heiress. For a moment, therefore, he sank into the maelstrom of despair, but, happening to glance into the console opposite and notice that his bang was unruffled, he controlled himself by a strong effort, and spoke again.

"I love you!"

Verbena desisted from punishing the floor. "I know that," she said, in her simple, earnest way; "you said so before."

There was silence again for a moment, so profound that Albemarle could hear his hair grow. Then she murmured:

"Excuse my putting such a New York question, but—" here she remembered the Madison Square again and resumed the tapping—"what do you offer me?"

"My hand," exclaimed Albemarle, passionately, "my heart—my—" here he faltered.

"Well?" she said.

He braced up. "My name," he said proudly. "I am a Van Bumblebug."

Verbena knew that already, but she did not comment upon it.

"I will," she said, her dark eyes shining with the light of decision—"I will—"

"Be mine!" exclaimed Albemarle, in the tone he had so often rehearsed while planning the thing, and sinking upon his left knee.

"You are somewhat previous," replied Verbena, with hauteur. "I mean I will give you my answer to-morrow."

At this moment, by a preconcerted arrangement with her maid, Verbena's dinner bell rang, and as Albemarle was n't invited he thought it best not to stay.

CHAPTER II.

VERBENA gave the matter intense consideration while putting up her bang in curl papers that night. "Boggs—Boggs—Verbena Boggs," she iterated again and again. "It is not a pretty name." Then she wrote upon a card

.....
MR. AND MRS. ALBEMARLE VAN BUMBLEBUG.
.....

"Oh, if he were only a hero!" she exclaimed, wistfully. Just at that moment her eye fell on a scrap of paper. She picked it up—the paper, not the eye—and read the following lines:

"Yesterday, Mustang Bill, King of the Cowboys, while lassoing a Mexican for fun, was shot in seven places and died in six minutes with his boots on. His successor will be hard to find."

Verbena's eye glittered with enthusiasm.

"If Albemarle will come back King of the Cowboys," she exclaimed, "I will marry him." Then Verbena dismissed the subject from her mind and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning, when Albemarle heard of Verbena's decision, he fainted. She revived him, and then lovingly they looked over the atlas to find out where Texas was. The betrothal was announced that same evening in the *Telegram*.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO months elapsed. It was night on the Pecos River, Texas, and the Cowboys were artlessly preparing their frugal supper of jerked beef and whiskey. One-eyed Jim was picketing out the mustangs; Red Charley was practicing a new way of dealing from the bottom of a pack, and Chicago Smith was cleaning a revolver which he had inadvertently held too close to a Mexican during a discussion in the early evening. The town of Coyote, near by, still showed in the gloaming where the boys had thoughtfully painted it red the night before.

Tanglefoot Jack awoke from a deep refreshing sleep into which he had been plunged by the contents of the bottle which lay beside him, and tried the state of his nervous system by endeavoring to shoot off the tip of the tail of the hairless dog which had followed him from the town on the night before. The dog's head was perforated by the bullet, but Tanglefoot felt satisfied. It was close enough. At that moment, a whoop of terror from One-eyed Bill brought every man to his feet. One look toward the road made the cheek of the bravest blanch, and only the fact that bathing is unfashionable in Texas kept it from showing.

"Wot is it, Bill?" whispered Red Charley, holding his chin to keep his teeth from rattling.

"Boys, we're gone," said Tanglefoot. "There's no use. It's comin'."

"Halt!" said Chicago Smith, in as brave a voice as he could command. "Who comes there?"

Still the grisly apparition advanced.

"It's got no legs, boys," whispered Tanglefoot; "It jest—jest floats. 'N look at ther head on it? 'N, dern me ef it aint skinnin' of its hands."

"Halt!" said Red Charley again, whose knees were giving way under him. "Who is it?"

"It's me, gentlemen," said Albemarle, drawing off his gloves and walking into camp. "You need n't hurry supper," he added, taking off his opera hat and top coat and sitting on Tanglefoot's saddle, "I've come to be your king."

The camp unanimously fainted.



Big brown eyes and auburn hair,
Of such was the farmer's daughter,
How to flirt and use her eyes
No one had ever taught her.

A soft moustache and a handsome face,
Of such was the banker's son,
He thought he'd teach this child to flirt
For the sake of a little fun.

Alas he found to his dismay
Just when 'twas time to part,
While he was teaching her to flirt,
She'd robbed him of his heart!

E.W. Kemble

THE BITER BITTEN.

CHAPTER V.

TWO years glided away. It is a way years have of doing. Verbena Cecil had celebrated her third twenty-first birthday on the night before, and was slowly recuperating from the nervous exhaustion consequent upon the discovery that the elaborate cheque given her at the reception had accidentally been drawn by the old man on the wrong bank and was not negotiable. But she still had her banjo and her pug, and St. Vernon De Silver had sent word that he would call at 4:30. St. Vernon De Silver was the latest, and Verbena had been instructed by both Mummer and Popper not to turn him loose. But somehow her heart wandered back to the time she had given her plight to Albemarle. She wondered if he had accomplished his end—was really king. At this moment the French maid entered with the morning paper.

MRS. SPRIGGINS ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

"I SEED in the paper this mornin' that the Cantelope seizin' was pretty near over," said Mrs. Spriggins as she seated herself at the tea-table and began pouring her beloved's tea for him. "Thinks I ter myself, pretty near over! Wal I guess so. Over long ago, judgin' from the doin's of these fellers an' gals we read so much on. 'N I do n't see no use in kickin' up a rumpus because a gal marries a coachman. They did n't raise no row at Sairey Smith's weddin' an' they said rite out that she married the Groom 'n thet's worse 'n a coachman. 'N Jim Binx was n't no groom neither, but he mout as well have bin for all what Perfessor Jag calls the hoi pollys knowed 'bout it. This yere exporting lies for the newspapers oughter be sat on to, I say. More tea, Joshuay?"

FITTING COSTUME FOR THE SOCIAL PARASITE.—Fawn.

A STORM-SCENTER—The Signal Service observer.

WANTED—An official blue book of the Jones family in politics.

A SIMPLE CONTRACT—Wager between two fools as to which is the greater.

THE BIBLE CLASS—Clergymen.

"Plaze, Miss Verbeeny," she said in those low, sweet tones of the south of France, "yer maw sez ef yer don't kem down, yer'l git no lunch." So saying she went out and softly slammed the door. Verbena knew her mother better than to give way to her. So she unfolded the paper, and read the following dispatch:

WACO, TEX., May 8th.—At nine o'clock this morning, the noted desperado, Albemarle Van Bumblebug, who for two years has been calling himself "King of the Cowboys," was tarred and feathered a mile from this city by the Vigilance Committee, for inducing a young man to wear a collar which in one half-hour had decapitated him. Van Bumblebug then confessed his crime and was hanged.

Verbena started and instinctively bit her lip. But she at once saw her error and haughtily crushed the paper beneath



Herr Kutzenshavenlatherische: ZEN, TOO, MEESTER PAINTER, WHEN YOU HAF THROUGH GOT YOU MIGHT SHOOST SO VELL BAI NT MINE BOLE.

O'Hoolihan: YIS, SORR, OI WULL; BUT BEGORRY IF OI KNOW WHAYRE TO GET THAT STHROIPED PAINT AT ALL AT ALL!

her slipper. Her ambition had been blighted and there was but one hope.

At this moment the bell rang and Mr. Silver's card was brought up. That was the hope. She played it for all it was worth.

Of Mr. J. G. Blaine, also, Goldsmith might have said:

"A man he was to all the country DEAR,
And passing rich on thousands few per year."

POINT IN NAVIGATION—It does not by any means follow that, in order to "wear a ship," you must put it on.

TIME is money. That is why "we take no note" of time.

A MERRY MEAL.

SKIERNIWICE, Sept. 16th.—Last evening the Czar and Czarina gave a small and select dinner. Precisely at seven-thirty two cabs drew up at the door of the palace and Francis Joseph, of Austria, and Wilhelm, of Germany, entered the portals, and after hanging their crowns on the

hat-rack and depositing their sceptres in the corner of the hall, took a glance in the mirror preparatory to entering the drawing-room.

"Wilhelm," said Francis nervously, "is my cravat climbing up the back of my collar?"

"No; it's all right," replied the German Emperor. "My hair all smooth? Wonder who we're to take in?"

"Give it up! Come along, we're late."

After a famished interval of fifteen minutes, during which the hot weather was the chief topic of conversation, dinner was announced. The Czarina rose.

"Your Imperial Highness," she said graciously, "will you dine a mite?"

After the Czar had been enticed out from under the sofa, the Austrian Monarch had been coaxed from behind a book-case and Wilhelm had been revived, the Czarina apologized for her *lapsus lingue*, and the party entered the dining-room.

"Came within an ace of fainting, did n't I?" remarked the German Emperor, and a royal flush o'erspread his pallid countenance.

"Yes," replied the Czarina. "For a moment it was three kings and an ace—almost a full hand for me. How are the people of Germany, at present?"

"Oh, they're assassination," gloomily answered Wilhelm as he eyed the waiters with suspicion. The Imperial Soup-Taster then proceeded to sample the *consommé*, and their Highnesses, before taking any, waited patiently to see whether he would fall dead or turn green, while nothing disturbed the convivial silence, save the measured tread of the sentinel in the pantry and the smothered ticking of the infernal machine that was concealed in the mashed potatoes.



Miss Jemima de Swizzle Van Dank
Was the daught of a Prexy de Bank.

The bank it was busted,
And papa he dusted;
She's now a young lady of rank.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AUTHOR of *Tantalus*: Please send your address to this office.

Eno: 1. Yes, we think you would find the city pretty warm just now. 2. Rather crowded, still Ferdinand would probably consent to go halves with you on his room provided you "whack" on the "spondules." Are we lucid?

Steve Elms: Much obliged to you for your kind offer. We would like to contribute and would feel highly honored to have Mr. Blaine accept our check. We will send said check to him on or about November 4th. It will take the shape of a vote for Cleveland. Again thanks. So long!

Maine: Not having counted we cannot say positively just what the Republican Plurality in your state was. The *Tribune* says 20,000. It is, therefore, safe to assume that 10,000 fully covers your question.

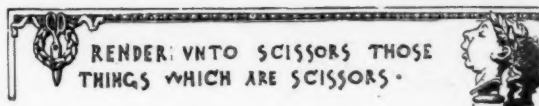
P. D. Q.: You are thinking of Eugene Aram. He was no connection of Billy the Kid, whatever his name may apply.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"GAZE here you," was said by the Editor of us to him of the jokes. "That wit was fetched too far."

"That is known to me. I clipped him a London paper from out!"

YES, I feel very much mortar-fied, said the drug-clerk who put strychnine in the quinine pills.



"BOYS, do not smoke!" exclaims the *Boston Courier*. "The average life of a locomotive is only 30 years."

A MAN without hands was charged in New York a few days ago with stealing a watch. Next thing we know a legless man will be arrested for kicking a policeman, and a blind man will be accused for winking at the drug clerk behind the soda water fountain.—*Norristown Herald*.

A BANKER, who is in company with his son, receives ten thousand franks from a debtor and sets to counting the bills.

"One, two, three, four," he says, and goes on counting up to nine, when he stops, rolls up the notes and whispers to his son:

"Never turn up the last bill when you are counting money; there may be another under it."—*French*.

"YOU are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman. *Farmer's Almanac*.

BUT SHE'LL MAKE A GOOD SAILOR YET.

He (an old hand): "They have dropped their anchor."
She (a beginner): "Serve them right! It has been hanging over the side all day long."—*Graphic*.

A MICHIGAN editor, on discovering a fire, rushed out into the street shouting: "Conflagration! Conflagration!! Conflagration!!! Approximate hither with the implements of deluge and extinguish this combustion." The office devil now fills the editorial chair.—*Scranton Republican*.

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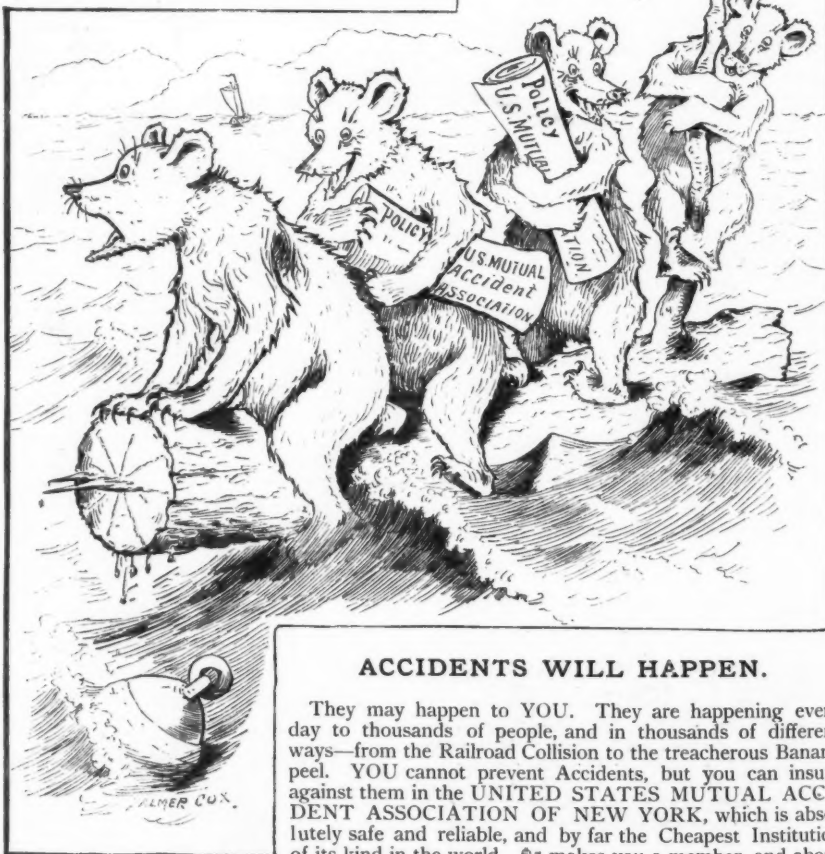
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